A CHAT WITH A POET

THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING EVENING WITH LONGFELLOW.

How "Excelsior," the "Wreck of the Hesperus" and the "Old Clock on the Stair" Came to Be Written. "The Bridge" Was Born of Sorrow.

I once wrote to the poet Longfellow asking him to give me some account of the circumstances under which he wrote "The Bridge"—"I stood on the bridge at midnight"—a poem which an eminent English critic has called "the most sympathetic in this language." I received in return a cordial note from the poet in which he said, "If you will come over and pass an evening with me it will give me pleasure to tell you the history of the poem and also of any of my poems that may interest you."

A few evenings later found me at the poet's door at his Cambridge home. He was then verging on seventy years, in the fullness of his experience and the ripeness of his fame. I was shown into a long, hall-like room, dimly lighted, in which were a broad table, antique furniture and a tall colonial clock. The poet was there alone. He arose to meet me and formed a striking and statuesque figure, with his kindly smile and long white hair and beard.

"And so you would like to know something about the inspiration of some of my poems—what led me to write them?" he said when we were seated. "Well, you are very kind.

"I will tell you first how I came to write the 'Psalm of Life.' I was a young man then. I can recall the time. It was a bright day, and the trees were blooming, and I felt an impulse to write out my aim and purpose in the world. I wrote it for myself. I did not intend it for publication. Some months afterward I was asked for a poem by a popular magazine. I recalled my 'Psalm of Life.' I copied it and sent it to the periodical. It saw the light, took wings and flew over the world. There you may see it written on a Japanese screen."

He pointed to a high, richly ornamented screen which stood before a great fireplace. He added an anecdote which I have always regarded as a true picture of his soul:

"When I was in England I was honored by receiving an invitation from the queen. As I was leaving the palace yard my carriage was hindered by the crowd of vehicles. There came to the door of the coach a noble looking English workingman.

"'Are you Professor Longfellow?' he said.

"I bowed.

"'May I ask, sir, if you wrote the "Psalm of Life?"'

"I answered that I did.

"'Would you be willing, sir, to take a workingman by the hand?'

"I extended my hand to him. He clasped it, and never in my life have I received a compliment which gave me so much satisfaction.

"I wrote 'Excelsior,'" he continued, "after receiving a letter full of lofty sentiments from Charles Sumner at Washington. In one of the sentences occurred the word 'excelsior.' As I dropped the letter that word again caught my eye. I turned over the letter and wrote my poem. I wrote the 'Wreck of the Hesperus' because, after reading an account of the loss of a part of the Gloucester fishing fleet in an autumn storm, I met the words 'Norman's woe.' I retired for the night after reading the report of the disaster, but the scene haunted me. I arose to write, and the poem came to me in whole stanzas.

"The clock in the corner of the room," he went on, "is not the one to which I refer in my 'Old Clock on the Stair.' That clock stood in the country house of my father-in-law at Pittsfield, among the Berkshire hills."

The great clock in the room was beating the air in the shadows as he spoke. I could seem to hear it say:

"Toujours—jamais!
Jamais—toujours!"

It was these words by a French author that had suggested to him the solemn refrain:

"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

"Excelsior" had been set to popular music by the Hutchinsons when the poet met one evening the minstrel family after a concert in Boston Music hall. "I have," he said, "another poem which I will send to you." He did so. It was the first copy of the "Old Clock on the Stair." One of the family set the words to music.

"My poem entitled 'The Bridge,'" he said in effect, "was written in sorrow, which made me feel for the loneliness of others. I was a widower at the time, and I used to sometimes go over the bridge to Boston evenings to meet friends and to return near midnight by the same way. The way was silent save here and there a belated footstep. The sea rose and fell among the wooden piers, and there was a great furnace on the Brighton hills whose red light was reflected by the waves. It was on such a late, solitary walk that the spirit of the poem came upon me. The bridge has been greatly altered, but the place of it is the same."—Hezekiah Butterworth in American Author.

His Economical Way.

"My husband has strange ideas of economy."

"How is that?"

"Why, he seems to think he saves money by drinking so much at the club that he has no appetite for breakfast."—Chicago Post.

Always Gets the Last Word.

"Say, pa," queried little Billy Bloobumper, "what's an echo?"

"An echo, my son," replied the old man, with a sigh long drawn out, "is the only thing that can flimflam a woman out of the last word."—Lyre.

THE DEATH CUP.

This Deadly Fungus Resembles Several Edible Mushrooms.

Perhaps the most deadly of the poisonous fungi of our woods and fields is the fairly well known death cup (Amanita phalloides), particularly dangerous from its resemblance to several of the edible mushrooms, though gathering fungi for the table should be undertaken by none save those thoroughly acquainted with the different species, as it is altogether too easy for the ignorant enthusiast to make an error which may prove fatal to his friends.

The death cup referred to has a round cap, white, yellowish or greenish in color, and the stem has a swollen base, surrounded by an envelope, or veil, of a white filmy substance, which parts as the stalk extends upward. This stalk is pithy when young, but hollow at maturity, and the gills of the cap, which in the meadow mushrooms are pink or brown, are white in the deadly variety, as are also the spores, which can be plainly seen if the cap is laid, gills downward, on a piece of colored paper for a few hours. The swollen, or bulbous, base is a distinguishing characteristic, and no fungus of that appearance should be gathered for cooking. One of the liabilities is that these caps may be broken off without due observance of its base, which is often covered with earth or dead grasses, hence not distinguished from some of the lepiotas, which, however, are never surrounded with the filmy veil of the death cup.

The poisonous property of this fungus is largely the same as that found in the venom of a rattlesnake and also in cholera and diphtheria, and so far science is unable to produce any satisfactory antidote, atropine, the stomach pump and oil purgatives being about the only resources.—Washington Post.

A KOREAN CINDERELLA.

The Quaint Story of Peach Blossom, the Family Drudge.

In Korea the people tell a Cinderella story that is much more ancient than that familiar to western people. The key of the latter story is the slipper, but not so theirs. Peach Blossom, the Korean Cinderella's name, was the family drudge. One day as the mother was starting off with the favorite daughter to a picnic she said to Peach Blossom, "You must not leave until you have hulled a bagful of rice and filled the broken crock with water." While sitting there bemoaning her hard lot she heard a twittering and a fluttering of wings. Looking up, she saw a flock of sparrows pecking the hulls off the rice. Before recovering from her surprise a little imp jumped out of the fireplace and so skillfully repaired the crock that but a few minutes of work was required to fill it with water. Then she went to the picnic and had a royal time.

On another occasion the mother said, "You must stay until you have pulled up all the weeds in the field." This time a cow came out of the forest and ate up the woods in ten mouthfuls. Peach Blossom followed the cow into the woods and was led to where there was an abundance of ripe, luscious fruit. Gathering a large quantity, she went to the fete and was the most welcome guest. Her jealous sister asked about it and, on being told, determined she would get some of this fruit for herself.

When the next gala day came the sister stayed at home and let Peach Blossom go. The cow came out of the woods as before, and the sister followed it through tangled brier and thorn bushes, with the result that her face was much scratched and her skin deep beauty all gone.—Exchange.

A Lazy Man.

On a hot summer's day a gentleman who was waiting for his train at one of our country stations asked a porter who was lying on one of the seats where the station master lived, and the porter, not moving, lazily pointed to the house with his foot.

The gentleman, very much struck at the man's laziness, said, "If you can show me a lazier action than that, my good man, I'll give you two and sixpence."

The porter, not moving an inch, replied, "Put it in my pocket, guv'nor."—London News.

Definite Information.

"How much are these Scotch flannels, please?" asked a woman in one of the large department stores one day last week.

"This lady will show them to you," airily replied the clerk, indicating with an indifferent nod a girl about three feet distant.

"But," persisted the woman, "I don't want to buy now. I simply want to know how much they are."

"Oh, different prices and up," was the nonchalant answer.—New York Times.

A Judge of Human Nature.

"Doctor, tell me honestly whether my health is improving or not."

"My dear sir, you're getting on famously—famously."

"You are not speaking the truth, doctor, but I can tell without your assistance whether I am getting better or not."

"How can you judge?"

"By the behavior of my heirs."—Paris Gaulois.

The Serious Part of It.

Actor—Hurry, or we'll miss the train.

Actress—I can't find my diamonds or my purse.

"Oh, well, never mind."

"Yes, but the purse had $10 in it."—New York Weekly.

For everything you have missed you have gained something else.—Emerson.

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—

That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. Ida E. Ward, Cove Point, Md.

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rid the blood of all impurities and cure all eruptions.

His Advice.

"You're neglecting your business," the old man declared.

"I admit it," the young man replied frankly. "The fact is, I'm engaged, and naturally the girl gets my time and thoughts."

"For heaven's sake, marry her," advised the old man. "Then you'll have no trouble keeping away from her."—Chicago Post.

Statistics.

"What do statistics show?" inquired the man who was warming up to his subject.

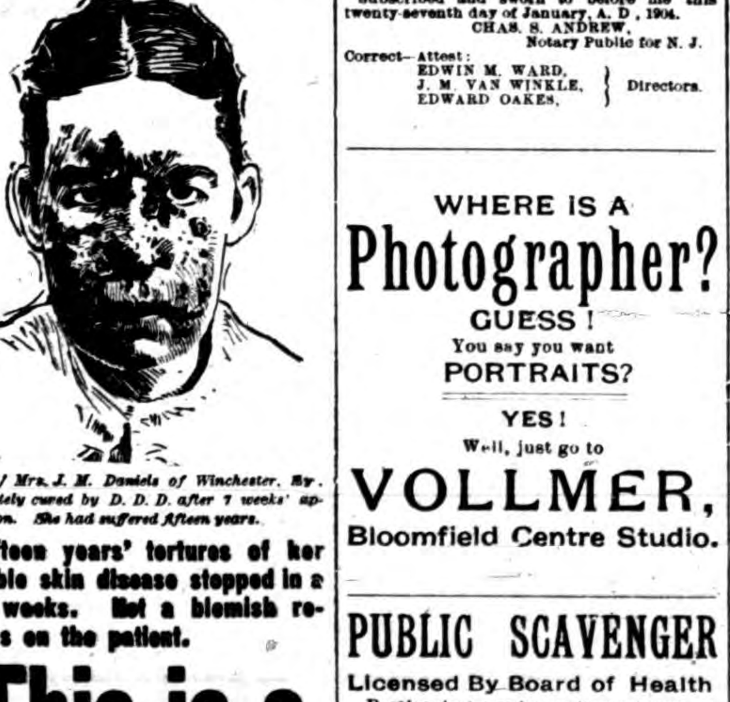
"As a rule," answered the man who is always doubtful, "they don't show much except patience and industry on the part of the man who collected them."—Washington Star.

Even Worse.

"I cannot sing the old songs," warbled the young woman at the piano. But this was small relief, for the new ones she sang were even worse.—Chicago Tribune.

Don't judge a man by his failures in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

This face cleared off quick by "D.D.D."



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January 13, 1904.

ESTATE OF MARTHA AKERS, DEceased.

Pursuant to the order of Joseph W. Ellor, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

HALSEY M. BARRETT.

Recognized It.

"This," smiled the fond young wife as she passed a plate of dessert to her husband, "is cottage pudding. I made it myself."

The man tasted of it.

"I'd have known it was cottage pudding," he asserted.

"You would?" she asked, delighted.

"Yes. I can taste the plaster and the wall paper. What did you do with the shingles and the bricks of the chimney?"—Judge.

The Sweet Girls.

Kittie—Paul told me last evening I was the prettiest girl he ever saw.

Bessie—Oh, that's nothing. He said the same to me last year.

Kittie—I know, dear, but his taste may have improved since then, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Refined.

Mrs. Nuritch—I think I'll take this bracelet. Are you sure it's made of refined gold?

Jeweler—Oh, yes.

Mrs. Nuritch—Because I do detest anything that isn't refined.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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RESOURCES.	
Bonds and mortgages	$125,800 00
Time loans on collaterals	440,800 00
Demand loans on collaterals	30,438 04
Notes and bills purchased	107,294 66
Due from banks, etc	52,953 34
Cash on hand	18,898 82
Checks and cash items	1,754 51
	$777,849 37

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	$100,000 00
Surplus fund	20,000 00
Undivided profits (net)	10,842 41
Time deposits	323,802 27
Demand deposits	271,038 38
Demand certificates of deposit	3,098 56
Certified checks	36 00
Due to Banks, etc	47,833 44
Other liabilities	1,144 31
	$777,849 37

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, COUNTY OF ESSEX, ss:

WILLIAM H. WHITE, President, and JOSEPH H. DODD, Treasurer, of the above named company, being severally duly sworn, each for himself deposes and says that the foregoing statement is true, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

WILLIAM H. WHITE, President.
JOSEPH H. DODD, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this twenty-seventh day of January, A. D., 1904.

CHAS. S. ANDREW,
Notary Public for N. J.

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ON THE REBOUND

By GARFIELD MACNEAL

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Lillian Treadwell awoke on the morning of her thirtieth birthday to the sickening consciousness that she was an old maid. She parted the cretonne curtains of her bed, curtains covered with red roses, suggestive of summer sunshine, and turned her eyes toward the window. Rain beating against the panes and dull gray sky proclaimed a cheerless November day. She sighed. Then, stretching out a shapely arm, she took a silver hand mirror from the nearby dressing table and carefully studied her features. In the language of Shakespeare she saw "no deeper wrinkles yet," face long and oval, patrician in outline and expression, skin rather olive, eyes brown, deep and luminous, a mouth generously molded, and a wealth of brown hair. On the whole it was a notable face and one of character.

Dropping the mirror on the bed, she called, "Lois!" A French maid, neat, trim and smiling, appeared with the breakfast tray.

"Ah, ma'm'selle! A thousand congratulations on your birthday."

"My thirtieth, Lois! But thank you just the same."

"Ma'm'selle is still young, and already fame has come to you. And when your novel is published the world will be at your feet," said Lois with a comprehensive sweep indicating the world.

"Oh, yes, the novel," murmured her mistress, sitting up and starting in on her coffee and rolls, while the maid laid a bundle of letters and manuscripts on the bed.

Miss Treadwell opened the one bulky package and looked at the accompanying letter. It was from a great publishing house, formally expressing regret that they were unable to accept her novel.

She gulped down something in her throat. Her novel declined! Her first really original work, to which she had given the leisure hours of six years! Truly, this was a most delightful birthday gift.

"Lois," she said—and her voice trembled—"Lois, my novel has been declined."

"Ah, ma'm'selle, I am too sorry"—with quick sympathy—"but some other publisher will accept it."

Her mistress shook her head. "I shall not send it out again. I shall stick to hack work. I can at least make a living at that." Then she added reflectively, "my life has been a failure."

Lois protested. She worshiped her mistress. "Ma'm'selle has been successful. You have a pretty apartment and everything you want."

"Other women, too, have pretty apartments and everything they want."

"Ah, yes, but they did not work for them," said Lois with a worldly shrug as she went in response to the electric bell, which at this moment buzzed loudly in the hall.

She reappeared with a huge white box. "Flowers, ma'm'selle, and a note," she said gayly.

Miss Treadwell cut the ribbon that held the box and disclosed a mass of violets. They seemed to look up at her tenderly yet shrinkingly as she bent over them. With a sigh of pleasure she took the note and studied the bold handwriting of the superscription. Her heart jumped. Surely it was Jack's! Dear old Jack had remembered her!

She slit across the end of the envelope while her fingers trembled and eagerly unfolded the paper.

"Dear Lillian," she read, "may I hope that this remembrance of your birthday will prove that I have not forgotten you? I have been in town two days. I secured your address from C.'s Magazine and send these flowers to warn you that I am coming to invade your sanctum sanctorum and talk over old times. Always your friend, Jack Ainsworth."

She started up, scattering letters and manuscripts on the floor. "Lois," she said decidedly, "I want you to lay out my new morning gown, the sea green one with the train."

Sitting down at her dressing table, she began a careful toilet. Her thoughts were busy with the past. Jack had been her girlhood friend in the little inland town where they were both born and bred. Again she was twenty-four and he was twenty-six. Why had he never spoken? She knew he loved her, and, perhaps, she had loved him, too, then. But when her mother's death left her alone in the world, she was seized with the desire to come to New York to try her fortune. Jack had advised against it, but a strange perversity made her deaf to his warnings.

At first they had kept up a correspondence. Soon even that link was broken as she was drawn more and more into the absorbing whirl of newspaper and magazine work. For five years no letters had passed between them. To be sure she had heard of him indirectly, how he gradually forged ahead from clerk in the railroad office to manager of the whole system, and she had been glad for his sake.

And now, after all this time, they were to meet. She wondered what he would be like. Doubtless he had lost the fresh, boyish beauty she so well remembered. He was past thirty now. She reflected with a sigh. Doubtless his career as a man of affairs had made him brusque and cold. She had visions of bearded cheek and chin, and perhaps—glasses! Horrors! Had it really come to that? Well, she would live in the old days, and pay no attention to externals.

When at last Lois announced that Mr. Ainsworth was in the drawing room, she swept to her mirror and surveyed the graceful figure reflected there. Her gown of sea green fell in shimmering folds. Her hair was done beautifully, and some of the violets were clasped in the silver girdle at her waist. She could not fail to be satisfied.

This consciousness helped her to enter the drawing room with the perfect self possession of a woman of the world. With outstretched hand she greeted him as if they had parted but yesterday.

"Jack! How good of you to come to see me on my birthday—and to send me these lovely flowers," turning to a center table where the violets were displayed.

Jack Ainsworth gasped. Could this elegant woman with her perfect hair and silvery voice be his old friend?

"Lillian," he said, still grasping her hand, "is it really you?"

She smiled, and it was her old smile.

"Yes, Jack, it is I. You see, I am going the way of the world."

"Nonsense! You are perfect!" he cried vehemently.

She was no less charmed. There was no evidence of beard or glasses, though the boy had grown into the man—tall athletic, clean shaven, with strong jaw and deep voice. His honest gray eyes feasted on her beauty. She flushed.

"Tell me what you have been doing all these years, Jack," she said finally.

"Oh, working hard—and following your career."

"Yes," she said, "you have done well for yourself and I am proud of you. As for my career, it has not amounted to much."

"Lillian," Ainsworth said, leaning forward eagerly, "do you know that you have not written a line I have not read. You ceased to write to me, but I did not forget, dear."

Miss Treadwell had forgotten the rain and the unfeeling publisher.

"Tell me, Jack, what brings you to New York?" she asked.

"I have been elected vice president of the road and must live here," he replied.

"Then I suppose you will marry and keep up an establishment?" with a pretense of lightness.

"I don't know," he said dubiously. "There never was but one girl for me and she—she has achieved fame. She would not think of giving up glory to become the wife of a railroad man."

A feeling long dead woke in the woman. "But she might be willing, Jack, if you asked her," she said almost wistfully. "She might gladly give up all her false glory to find real happiness."

"If I thought that," said Ainsworth breathlessly, "I'd ask her in a minute."

She thought of the novel, of the hack work, of the loneliness of her life which this friend of the past brought sharply before her.

"Jack," she said, "I've decided"—She paused, then went on rapidly, fingering the violets in her belt, "to give up literature for good."

Ainsworth started forward. "Do you really mean it, Lillian?"

"Yes, I do," she replied bravely.

"But why?" he inquired, doubting puzzled.

She looked up at him, and he read it in her shining eyes.

He leaped forward and folded her in his arms, crushing the violets in his eagerness. "My darling!" was all he could say in trembling tones.

As for Miss Treadwell, with that embrace came the realization that woman was not made to live on mind alone.

"Lois," she called, after a little, "bring me the manuscript of my novel." She took it from the wondering maid and turned to Jack with a radiant smile. "Come," she cried gayly—"come to my study fire and help me make dust and ashes of my literary pretensions."

"Mammy's" Art Criticism.

The old negro "mammy" of the ante bellum type is fast disappearing, and when one does meet with the genuine article there is generally reason to remember the occasion pleasantly, says the Baltimore Sun. Recently a gentleman was making some purchases in a small grocery in west Baltimore, when there entered the store one of those characters belonging to the days gone by.

Hanging conspicuously on the wall of the store was a large lithograph depicting an airily clad youngster in a field of waving grain. The picture immediately caught the eye of the newcomer.

"Who dat?" she asked the clerk.

"Why, that is George Washington," replied the clerk, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Huh!" grunted aunty dubiously. "Hit luks mo' lak Moses in de ambush."

They Still Name the Cook.

A queer custom, which prevails at no other court than that of Great Britain is the announcement at the beginning of each course at a dinner of the name of the cook who has prepared the dishes served. The origin of this custom dates back to the reign of King George II., who made a great favorite of one of his cooks, promoting him to the rank of chief over the heads of all his seniors. This, of course, created great jealousy, and every effort was made to oust him from royal favor by rendering him responsible for the failures which were laid upon the king's table. Greatly incensed thereby and fearing to lose his post, he complained to the king in person, who immediately gave orders that henceforth whenever a dish was placed before him the name of the cook responsible for its success or failure should be announced in an audible tone.

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For Nearly Three and a Half Centuries a Famous Landmark.

The golden grasshopper on the tower of the Royal Exchange has been for nearly three and a half centuries a London landmark as familiar as the cross on St. Paul's or the dragon on Bow church steeple.

Sir Thomas Gresham, a royal agent in three successive reigns, founded the exchange in the reign of Elizabeth. He erected at his own expense a beautiful structure in the Flemish style of architecture, with shops on the first floor. A bell tower crowned by a huge grasshopper stood on one side of the chief entrance. The bell in this tower summoned the merchants at 12 o'clock noon and 6 o'clock evening. During the great fire of 1666 the building was totally destroyed. The statues of kings and queens which ornamented the corridors were precipitated into the enormous cellars and with them the tower and grasshopper.

Gresham was loyally loved by the metropolis, and his generous services were not forgotten. From the mountain of debris the grasshopper was rescued, and it was placed—a lofty vane of gilt brass—above the new dome supported by eight Corinthian columns, and to this hour it swings to the points of the compass, perpetuating the sign and crest of the Gresham family. The old clock in this tower had four dials and chimed four times daily, on Sunday, the One Hundred and Fourth Psalm; on Monday, "God Save the King;" on Tuesday, "Waterloo March;" on Wednesday, "There's Nae Luck Aboot the Hoose;" on Thursday, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes;" on Friday, "Life Let Us Cherish," and on Saturday, "Foot Guards' March." In 1838 fire again devastated the stately building, beginning soon after 10 at night, and by next morning the clock tower alone was standing. It is significant that the last air played by the chimes before they went crashing through the tower roof, crushing the entrance arch below, was "There's Nae Luck Aboot the Hoose;" then the eight bells ceased their clanging.

The grasshopper was unharmed and to this day remains, eleven feet of shimmering metal, looking down from its perch 108 feet above the busy streets.—Julian King Colford in St. Nicholas.

APHORISMS.

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.—Shakespeare.

Candor is the rarest virtue of sociability.—Sternau.

No circumstances can repair a defect of character.—Emerson.

Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and of wisdom.—Bovee.

Bad men excuse their faults; good men will leave them.—Johnson.

There are plenty of acquaintances in the world, but very few real friends.—J. F. Davis.

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.—Walt Whitman.

It is generally more profitable to reckon up our defects than to boast of our attainments.—Carlyle.

A man cannot have an idea of perfection in another which he was never sensible of in himself.—Steele.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.—Hosea Ballou.

Twice Declined.

The invitation list of the governor general of Canada is made out strictly in accordance with precedent, but is not kept up to date always, the aid who has to send the invitations out, generally an Englishman or Scotchman, not always being au courant with changes on the list.

The late Sir Antoine Dorion, chief justice of Quebec, was once invited to some function, as was proper, but Lady Dorion, who was dead, was invited likewise. Sir Antoine accepted for himself, but declined for her ladyship, on the ground that she was in the cemetery. The next year, however, the same mistake was made; so the old judge wrote back to the aid-de-camp in waiting:

"Sir Antoine Dorion accepts, etc., but her ladyship being still in St. Anne's cemetery Sir Antoine is compelled again to decline the invitation for her."

Another Name For It.

The veterinary made a critical examination of the ailing steer.

Here and there, wherever the demarcation of a bone was visible, he attempted to pinch the skin.

But it would not work.

"What is the matter with it?" asked the owner of the steer.

"He has what would be called 'conservatism' in a man. But as he is only a dumb brute we say he is hidebound."—Baltimore American.

Expert Testimony.

"To settle a bet," said the visitor, "how long can a man go without food?"

"Ask the man over there," said the snake editor.

"Is he the editor who answers questions?"

"No; he's a poet."—Philadelphia Press.

Her Idea of It.

Mrs. Noorich—That picture's one of the old masters'.

Norah (the new maid)—Well, it can't be of any value, ma'am, or sure he'd 'av' taken it wid him whin he moved.—Harper's Magazine.

For Good.

Maud—I understand you are about to lose the young pastor that has been preaching for you the last year or two?

Mabel—Yes. He's going to be married next week.—Chicago Tribune.

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To meet the wish of many patrons, Prof. Le Roy will be with us all this week. During his recent four weeks' engagement here he read more than 3,000 palms, satisfying everybody, displeasing none. There is nothing of the charlatan or fortune teller in Prof. Le Roy's work.

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Men have only to purchase one dollar's worth of goods in the Men's Furnishing, Hat, Glove or Cigar Department, to obtain a free reading of the hand.

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All-wool Crepe Voile, 46 in. wide, sheer and light, soft finish drapes, beautiful, comes in all the new spring shades, per yard, **1.00**

French Suitings, 46 in. wide, mannish effects, in all the latest mixtures, medium weight, very desirable for tailored suits, an exceptionally good cloth, per yard **1.25**

BLACK GOODS — Black French Voile (Lupin's), 42 in. wide, sheer and crisp, good jet black, a good 1.00 quality, per yard, **85c**

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Satin Foulards and Satin Liberty, all-silk dots, neat designs and scroll effects, complete color assortment, very desirable for shirt waist suits, at yard, **1.00**

Satin Twill Foulards, all silk, full assortment of dots, small designs and scroll effects in all the new and wanted colorings, exclusive styles, at yard, **75c**

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